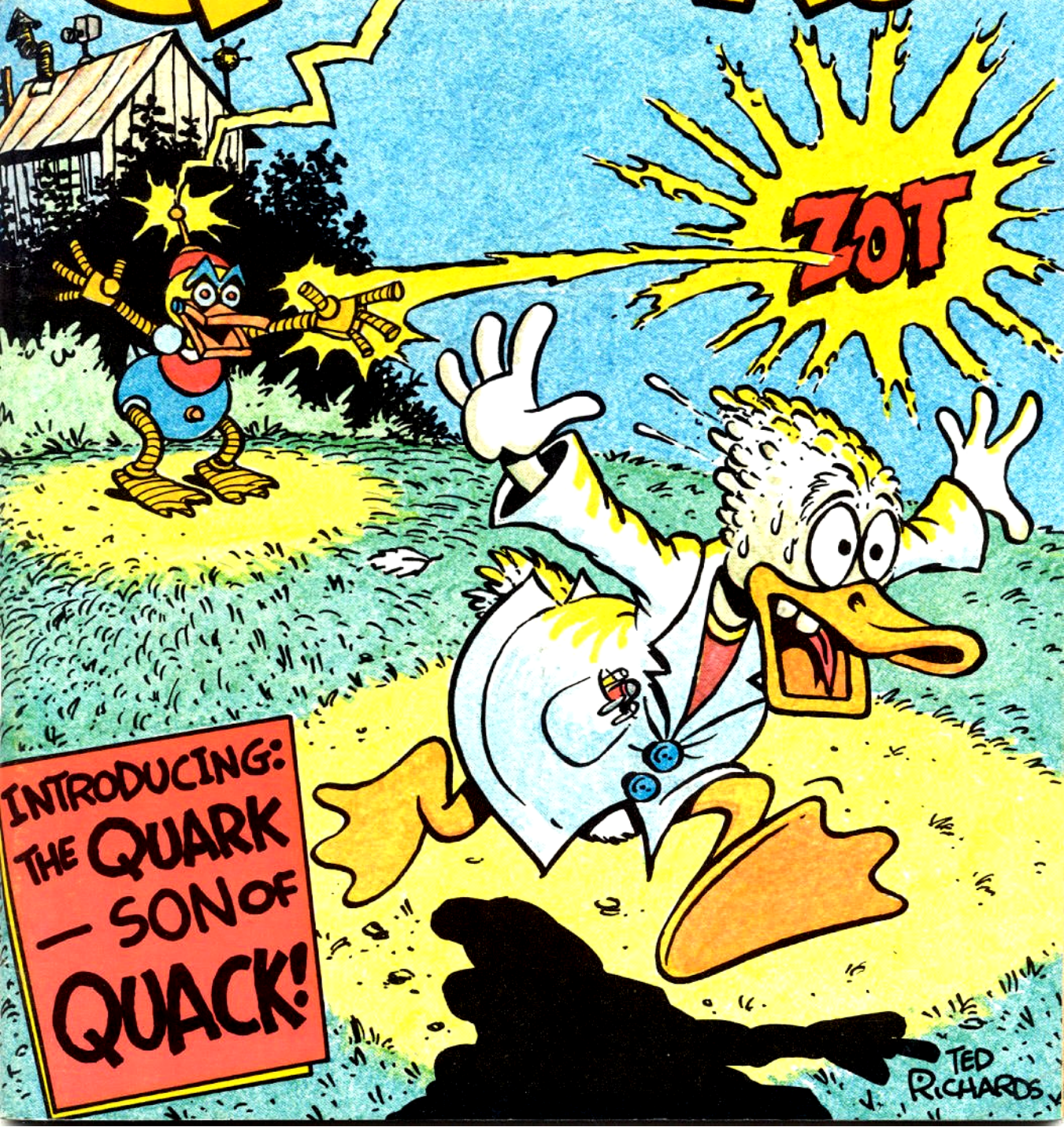


#6

\$1²⁵

QUACK!



INTRODUCING:
THE QUARK
— SON OF
QUACK!

TED
RICHARDS



14 November 1977
Oakland, CA

Last time around I spoke of my dissatisfaction with the format of QUACK and wrote that I was considering some adjustments. The few letters I've received have helped in making any changes. This issue marks some early steps toward a newer package.

First, the number of individual strips is reduced to five (six, if you're picky and count the "Wraith" stories as two). Next issue, we will be reducing the strip count even further, to three: Steve Leialoha's rabbits (futuristic and wild west), Ted Richards' "The Quack" and Mike Gilbert's "The Wraith".

Second, in order to allow these folks the additional time to draw and write more than they usually have for this book (about twice more) the frequency of publication will drop to twice a year from its current quarterly status. So the next issue (No. 7) will be released in about six months.

The hope is that this new arrangement will prove satisfactory to all concerned, including yourselves. I think that QUACK will gain a bit more focus and direction. Naturally, if you have any thoughts or feelings about this, let me know.

Michael Gilbert asks me to inform you of a contest he is holding. The five people who identify the most number of Michael's characters on the last page of his "Christmas Carol" story will win original "Wraith" artwork. So all of you who find entertainment in such activity send your lists to "The Wraith Contest" c/o Michael Gilbert, 15 El Towonal, Orinda, CA 94563.

Lastly, we're aware that most of you will probably be reading this comic after the first of the year. Our original intention had been to have this released well ahead of Christmas, so Mike Gilbert did up his little Christmas story. Only things, as usually happens, screwed up. So don't think of it as late and irrelevant, but rather a bit of cheer to carry you thru the winter and the rest of the year.

See you next time around.

Mike Friedrich



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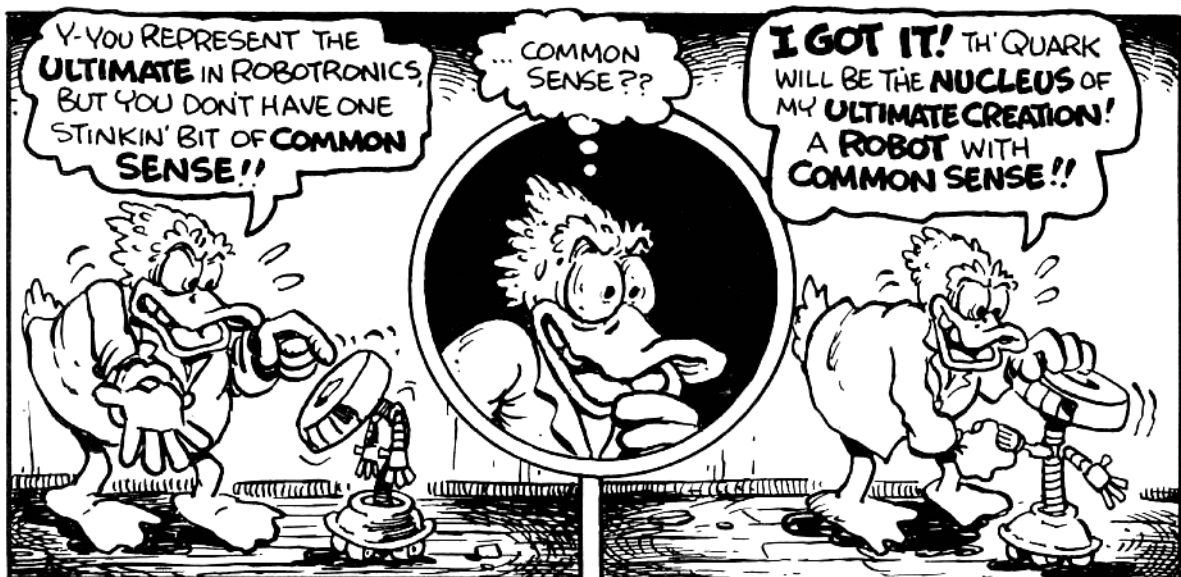
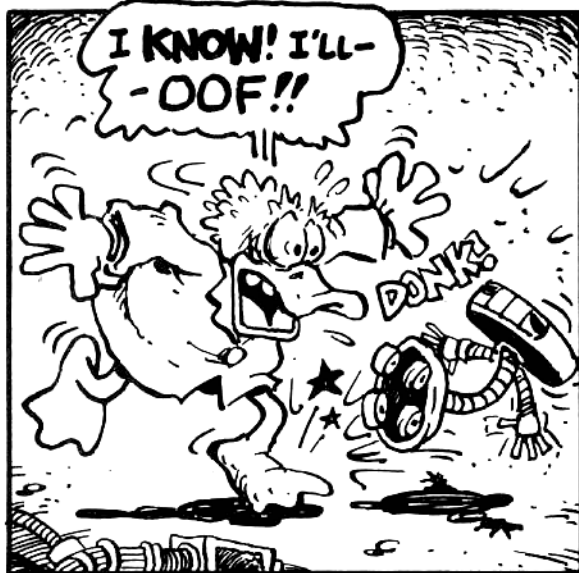
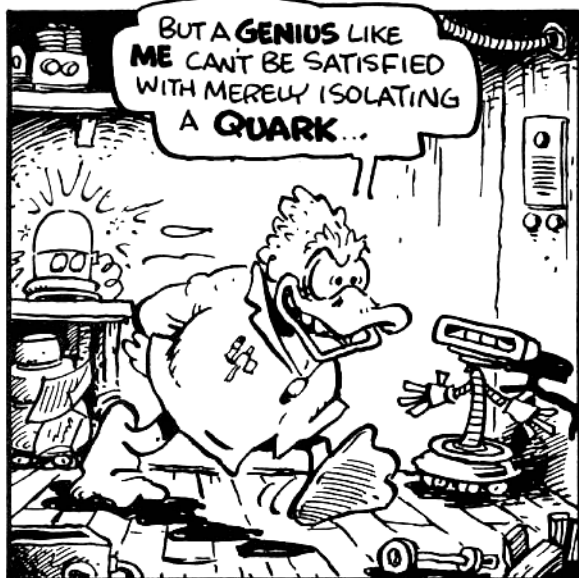
Contributions are not encouraged, though eventually read, warning: no return postage and it'll be trashed.
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ADDITIONAL COPIES: \$1.25 plus 35¢ postage and handling. Mailed 1st Class. No subscriptions, sorry.

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BY TED RICHARDS





AND SO TH' QUACK
FANATICALLY LABORS
THRU THE FOLLOWING
DAYS AND WEEKS (WITH
THE HELP OF HIS LOYAL
WIFE, DAGMAR), 'TIL WE
FIND HIM STANDIN' AT
THE THRESHOLD OF THE
GREATEST MOMENT IN
HIS INFAMOUS CAREER.

AH-HAHAA
BEHOLD DAGMAR!
AS MY
NOBEL PRIZE
COMES TO LIFE!!

C'MON QUINCY,
PULL THE SWITCH
AND LET'S GO TO
BED! I HAVEN'T
EVEN HAD MY HAND
HELD IN OVER
THREE WEEKS!

RUMBLE

ZZZT

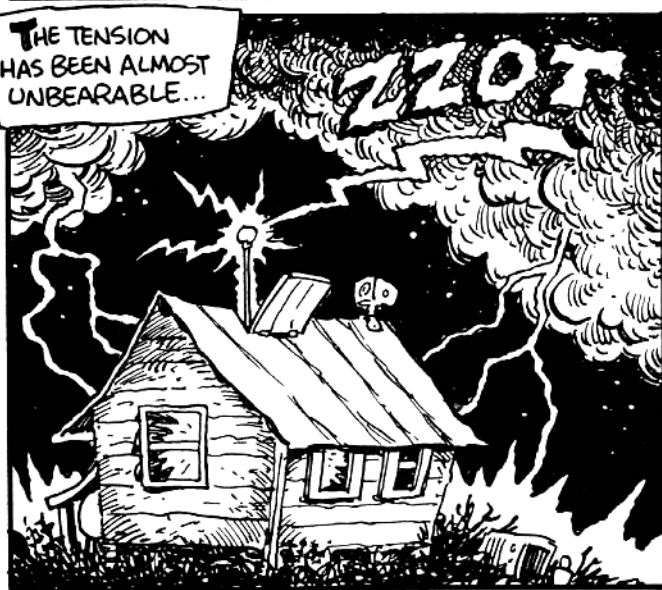
THE TENSION
HAS BEEN ALMOST
UNBEARABLE...

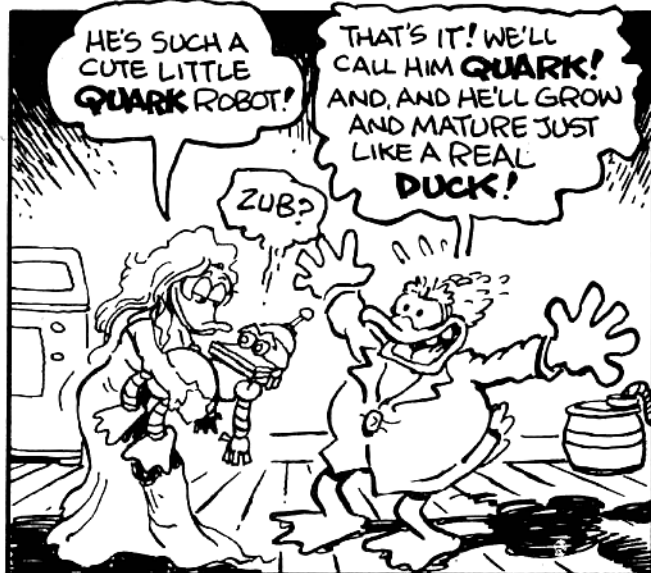
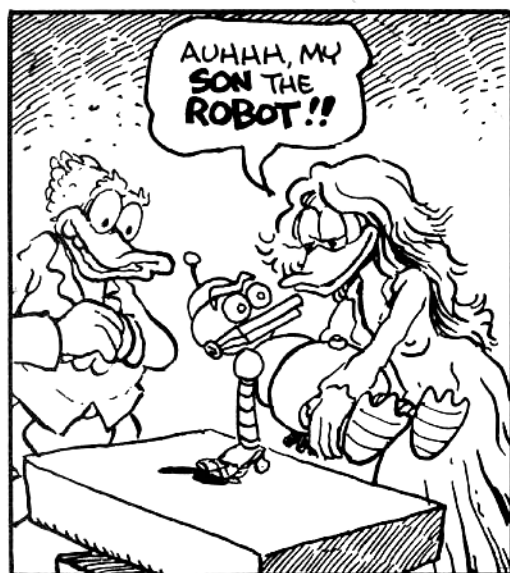
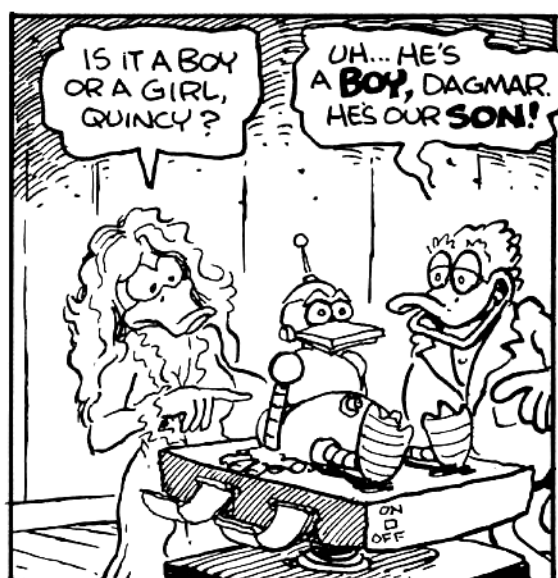
ZZZT

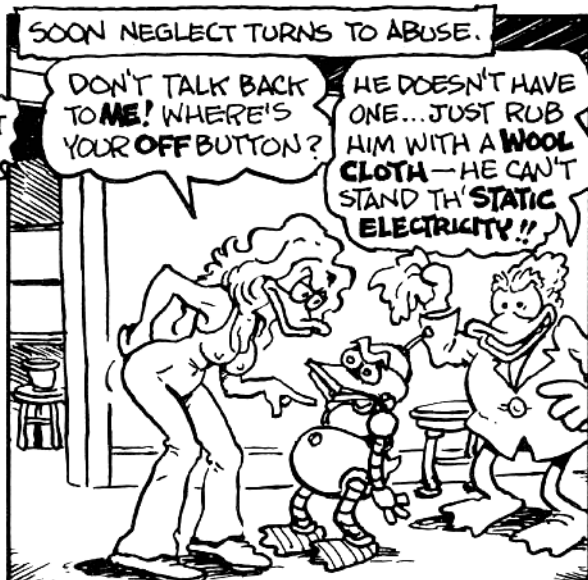
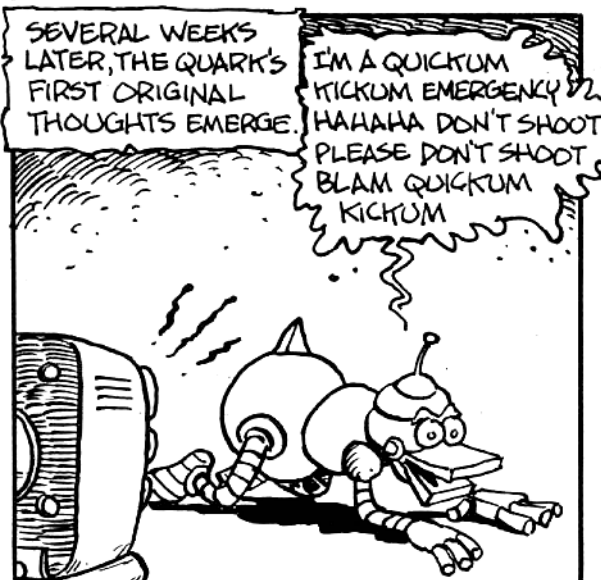
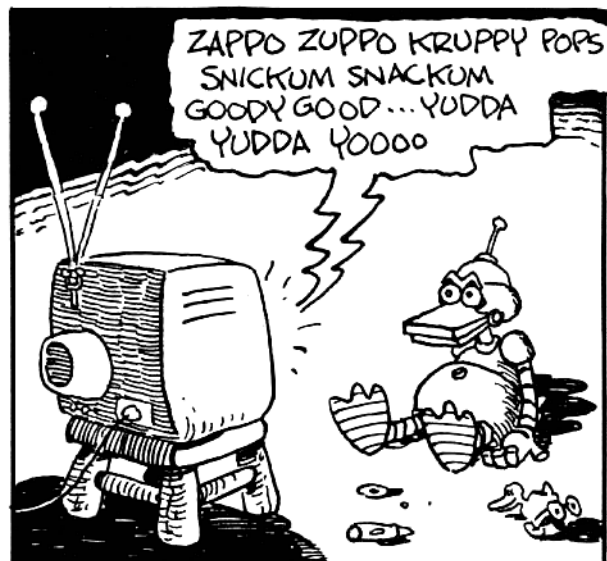
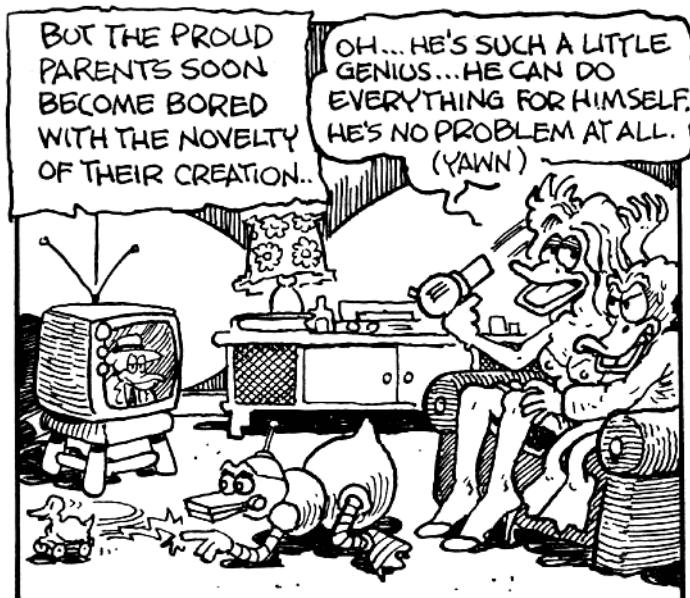
BUT NOW, THE ENTIRE
CRAZED EFFORT APPEARS
TO HAVE BEEN WORTH IT!

DAGMAR.
LOOK! I-IT'S
MOVING!

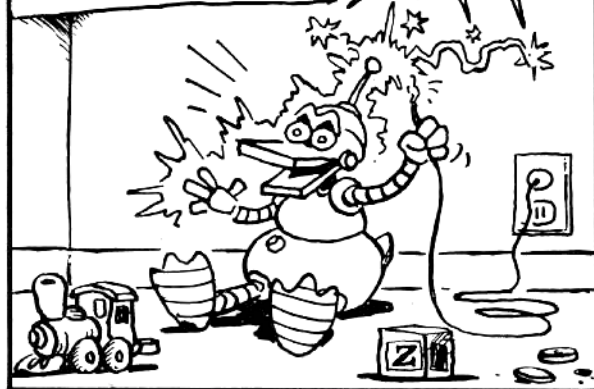
B-BUT QUINCY,
"IT" SEEMS
CONFUSED!







THREE WEEKS
AFTER HIS BIRTH
HE DISCOVERS HIS
TRUE FRIENDS —
THE **ELECTRONS**.



WE'VE NEVER
FLOWED THROUGH
ANYBODY LIKE
YOU BEFORE!

YEAH - ADDS
LIFE - HUH -
WINNER TAKES
ALL - THAT'S
ME! FRESHER
TOO!



HOLD YOUR
HANDS OUT...
WE WANT TO
PLAY!

HEY!! POWER-PLY
RADIAL - LONGER
STRONG - DON'T
SHOOT - WAIT 'TIL
THEY'RE IN TH'
CLEAR!



DO IT! THAT'S ME -
QUICKUM KICKUM
EMERGENCY HE'S ON
THE LOOSE SOMEWHERE
IN THIS CITY!

ISN'T THIS
FUN!?



**QUINCY!!
SCREAM!!!**

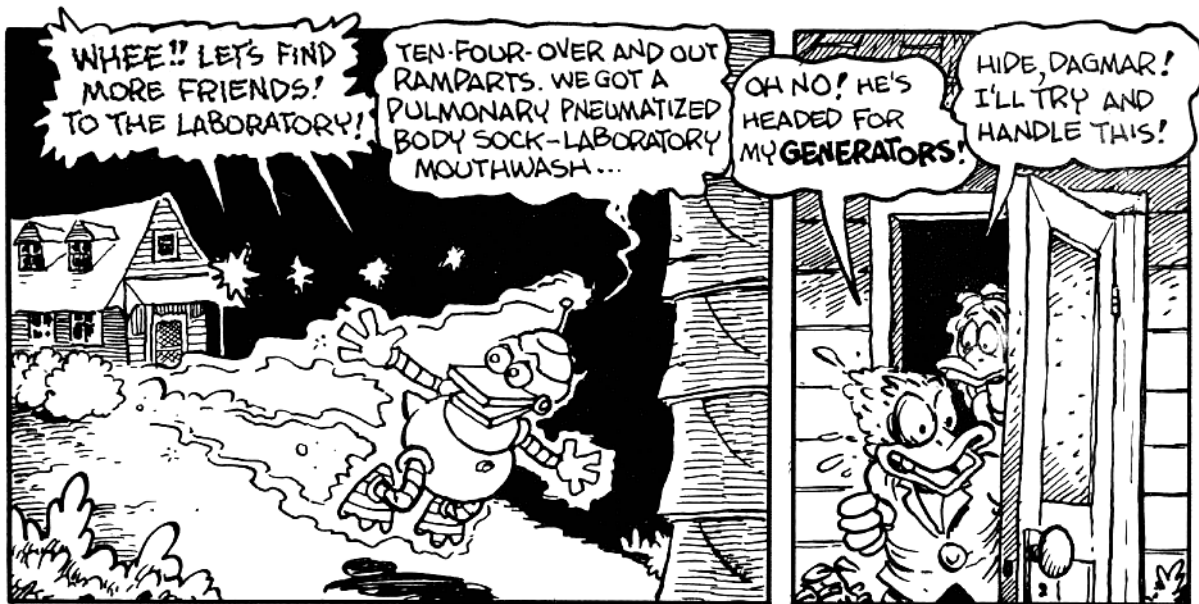
WHOO BOY!
CHACHA
MEOW MEOW
TAKE THAT!!

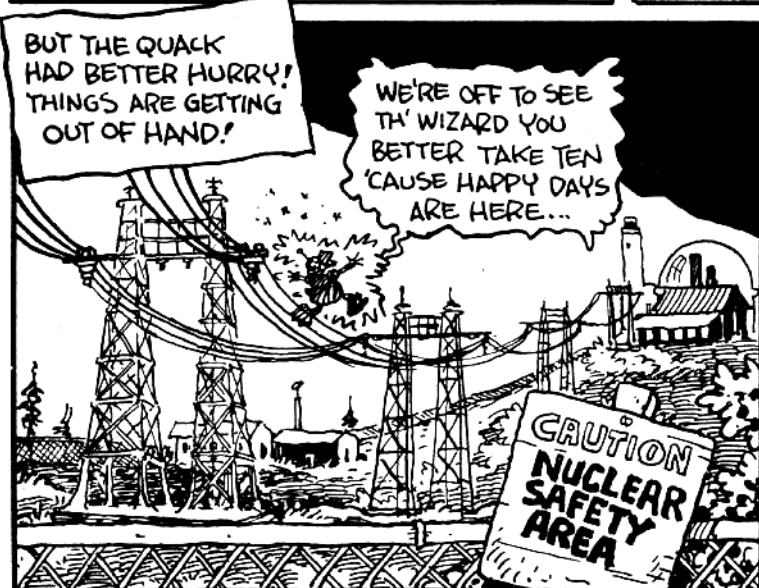
WHEE!!

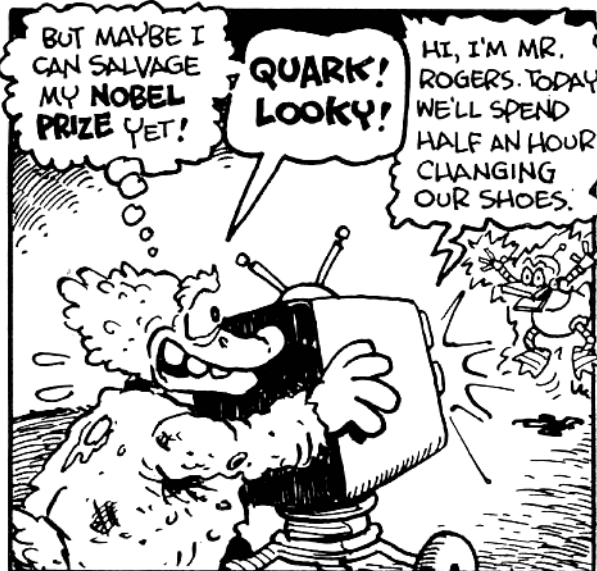
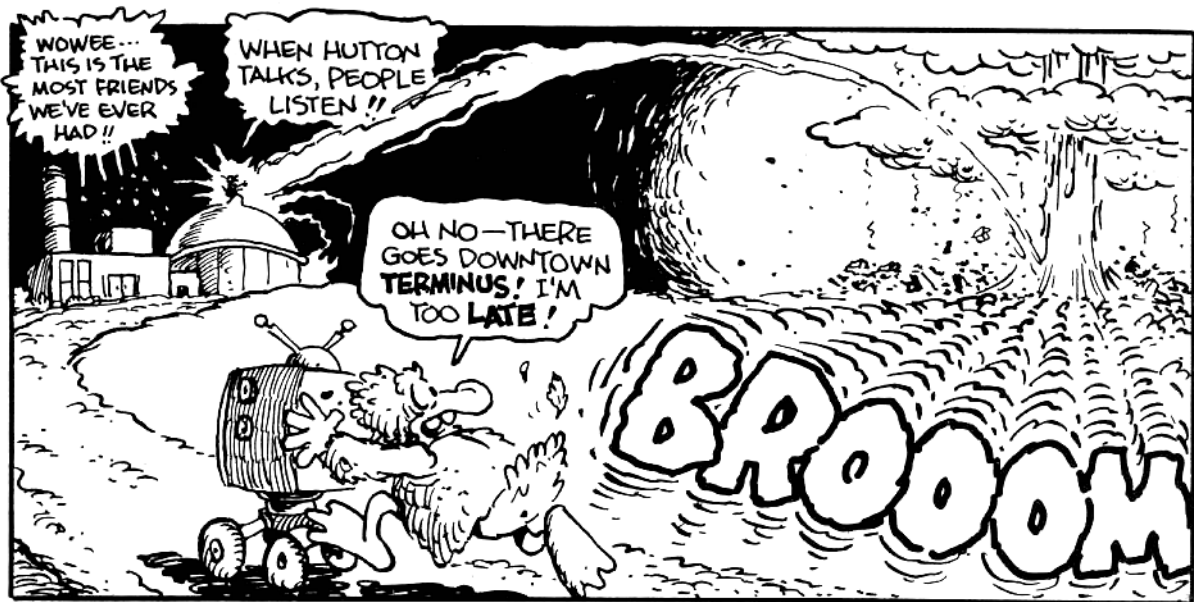


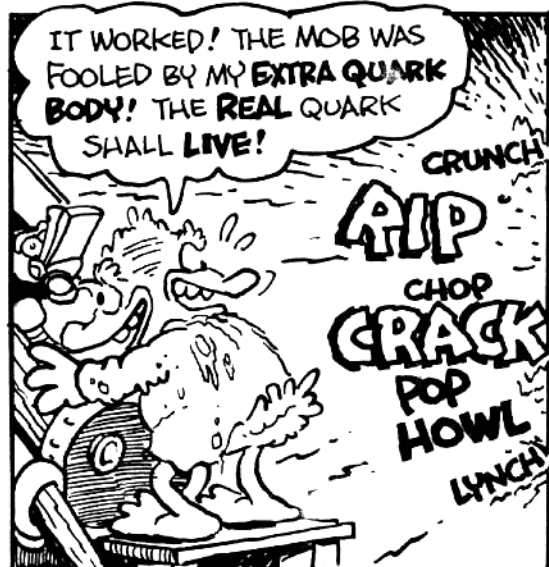
OH MY GOD!
HE'S FORMING
ENERGY PORTALS!!











BEAR
VALLEY,
CALIFORNIA...

I WON'T
FORGET THAT
THIS IS YOUR
IDEA TO LEAVE. I
WAS JUST GETTING
ACCLIMATED TO
THE LOCAL
TALENT!

COME
ALONG,
JUNIOR

DON'T
CALL ME
JUNIOR

YOU'LL GET OVER
IT. I JUST GOT A
WIRE FROM MY
DUCK IN THE
GOLD COUNTRY...

...AND HE'S STRUCK AGAIN.
TWO STAGES ON THE 49 RUN.
TWO MONTHS ON THE ROAD AND
HE'S GETTING CARELESS.

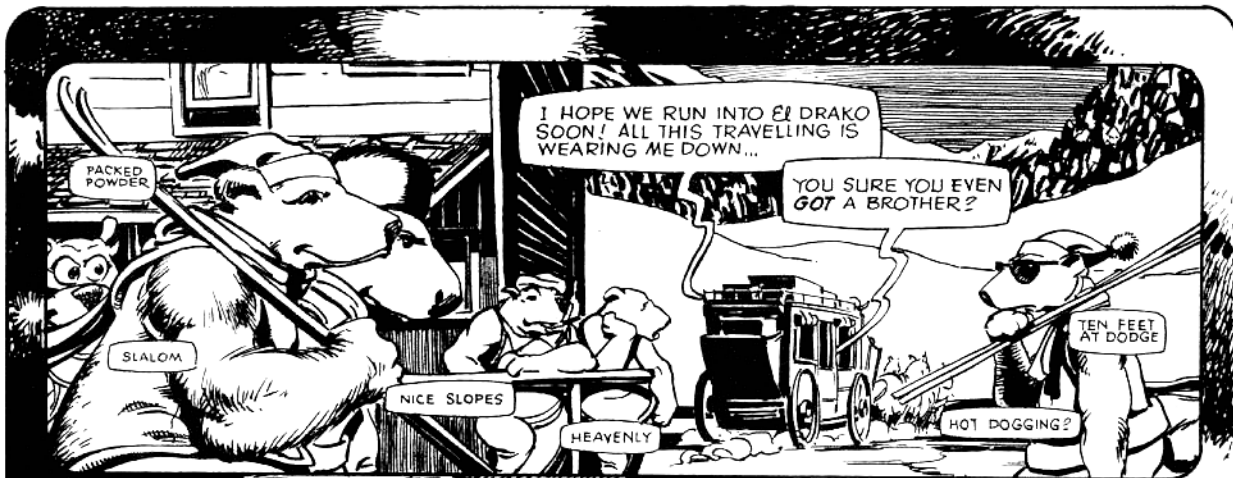
ALSO, THIS THE ONLY
STAGE FOR A WEEK.

A WEEK
SHOULD BE
JUST ABOUT
RIGHT TO
TIDY UP A
FEW...

...LOOSE
ENDS.

Hmmm. OF
COURSE, WITH THE
GOLD SHIPMENT
GOING ON THIS
STAGE...





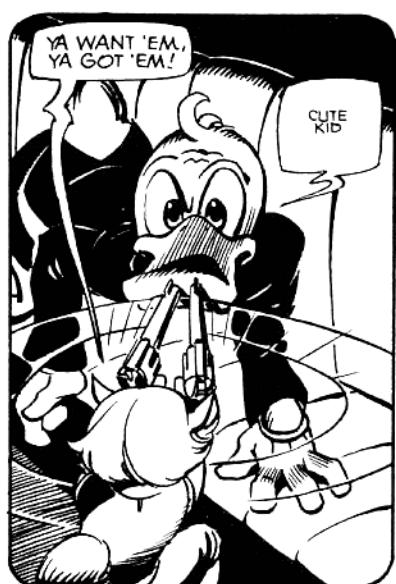
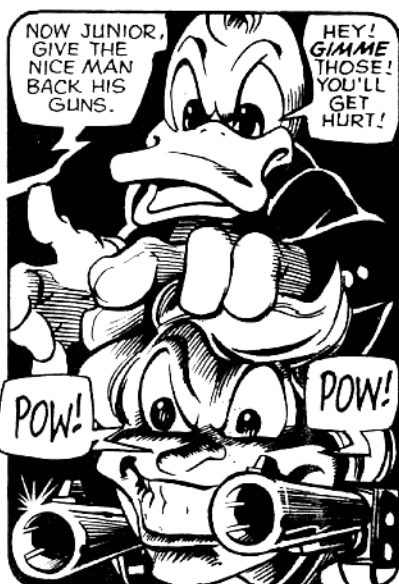
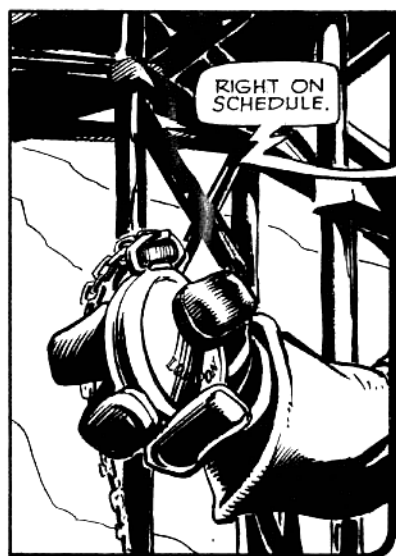
INTO THE MOTHERLODE!

OR: THE BUNNY MEETS HIS MATCH WHILE THE DUCK GETS DOWN!

BY:

STEVE LEIALOHA

LETTERS - Tom Orzechowski





GIMME THAT GUN...
FUCKIN' LITTLE BRAT



YOU'RE
TELLIN'
ME?

REACH FOR
THE SKY,
HOMBRES!



NOW, IF YOU
WOULD ALL BE
SO KIND AS TO
STEP OUT OF
THE COACH...!



IT'S A HOLD-UP!

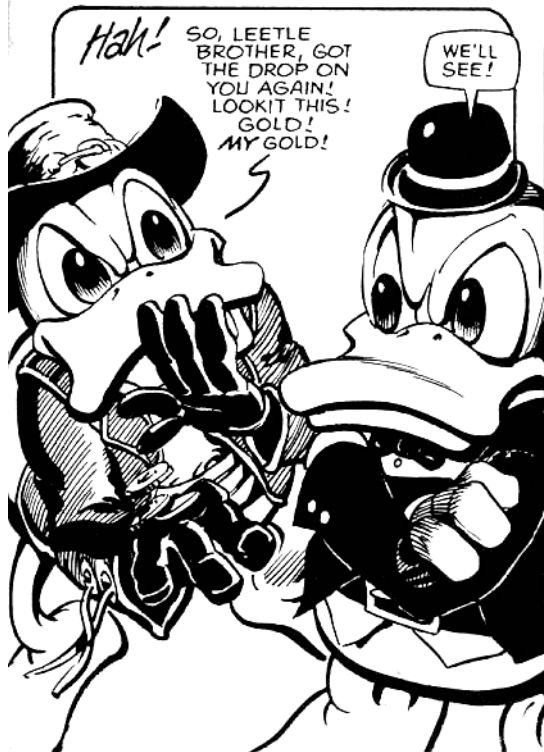
IT MUST BE
EL DRAKO! HE
LOOKS JUST
LIKE YOU!

BRILLIANT! I KNEW
THERE WAS A REASON I
BROUGHT YOU ALONG!

NOW SONNY,
GIVE ME BACK
MY GUNS... THIS
IS SERIOUS
BUSINESS!

YER RIGHT, DUCK. THIS
IS SERIOUS
BUSINESS!

STICK
'EM UP!







THE LAW CLOSES IN...



RANGER RABBIT
ALWAYS GETS HIS
MAN, OR BIRD... WELL,
WHATEVER!



DON'T NOBODY
MOVE! I'VE GOT
YOU SURROUNDED!



WHA -- THERE'S
NOBODY HERE!

I BEG YOUR
PARDON!
I'M HERE!

UH -- WHO
ARE YOU?

SIR! PUT
THAT THING
AWAY! IT
MIGHT BE
LOADED!



WHAT YOU BUSTIN' IN
HERE LIKE THAT FOR!
WERE YOU RAISED IN A
BARN OR SOMETHIN'?

DIDN'T YOUR
MAMA TEACH YOU
NO MANNERS?



MY MAMMA?
WHY, NO. I
WAS AN
ORPHAN.

AWW, POOR BABY!
YOU JUST RELAX
AND TELL ME
ABOUT IT!

HERE, LEMME
PUT THIS WHERE
YOU WON'T HURT
YOURSELF
WITH IT.



...SO ME AN' MY
SEVENTEEN BROTHERS
AND SISTERS HAD TO
FEND FOR OURSELVES
AFTER MOM GOT ET...

> sniff <

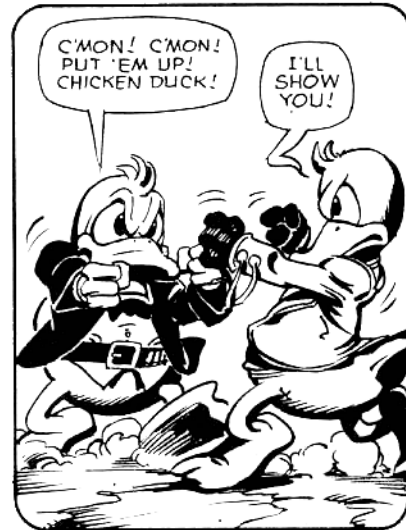
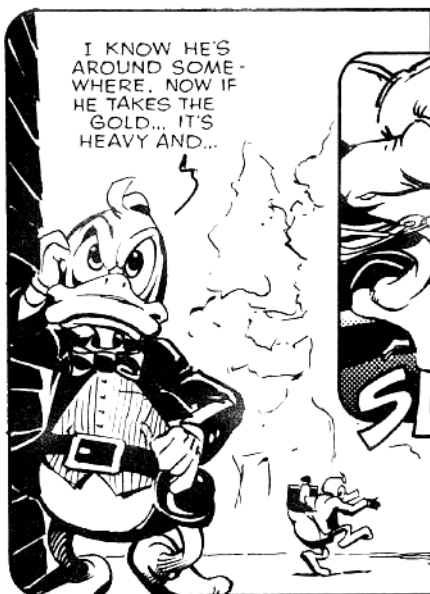
YEW JEST
GET IT ALL OFF
YOUR CHEST,
HANDSOME...



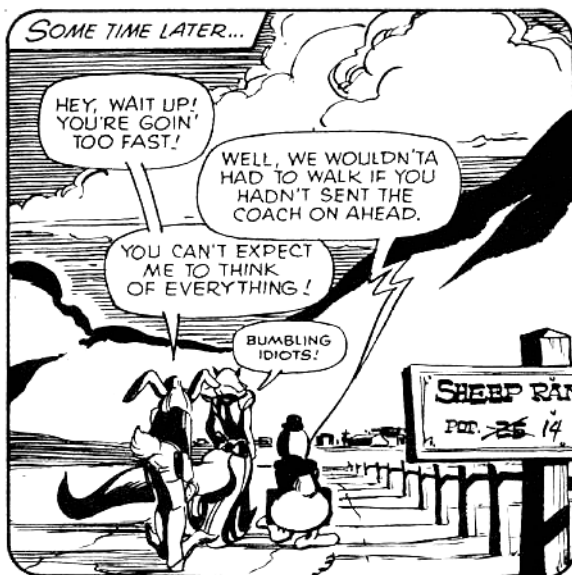
...AND SO
WHEN THE WAR CAME
ALONG...

Hmmff! ISN'T THAT
JUST LIKE A RABBIT!
I KNEW HE COULDN'T
KEEP HIS MIND ON
HIS WORK! SHE'S
SURE STALLING HIM.
I GUESS THIS ONE'S
UP TO ME...

SEVEN







CONCLUSION NEXT TIME in: ANGELS' CAMP



"YOU-ALL GIBBON"

©1977 Scott Shaw

12 December 1977
San Francisco, CA

"You-All Gibbon: The Land That Time Ignored" by Scott Shaw is not in this issue after all. Perhaps time could ignore the story but our finances could not, so we are going to press without it.

Scott explained his failure to deliver on time as having "other priorities", chief among them being his commitment to the Hanna-Barbera-produced comics for Marvel Comics. He has also expressed a loss of respect for QUACK and myself here at Star*Reach as explanation for a lack of enthusiasm to finish his story.

At last word Scott is editing a funny animal magazine called WILD ANIMALS for Krupp Comics in Wisconsin, so we'll be seeing his animal creations elsewhere.

In "You-All's" stead we're reprinting "The Duckaneer", the story by Frank Brunner that started this magazine back in issue One. That first issue has just this month fallen out of print, so in a way, this printing will help keep it around for those of you who are new to QUACK. To those who already have our first issue, we apologize, but hope you enjoy re-reading the story in this setting.



QUACKERSVILLE,
3 A.M.: A TIME
WHEN MOST
DECENT DUCKS
ARE ASLEEP.

HOWEVER, THIS
STORY IS NOT
ABOUT THEM. THIS
IS A TALE OF
A WEIRDO...

A NONCONFORMIST...
A NIGHT TRIPPER
DOWN THE STREETS
OF FANTASY... A
COMIC ARTIST!

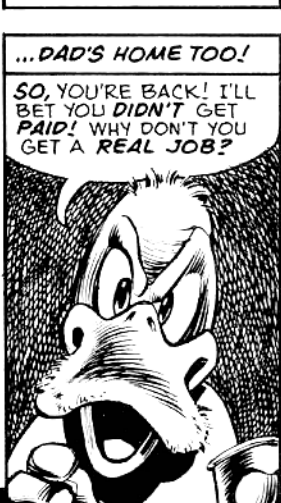
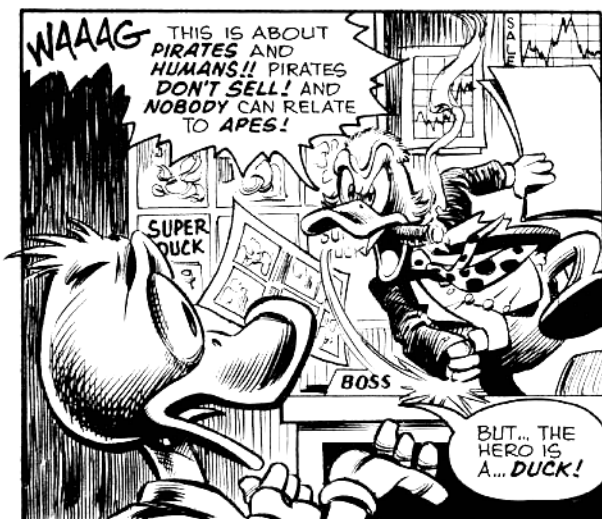
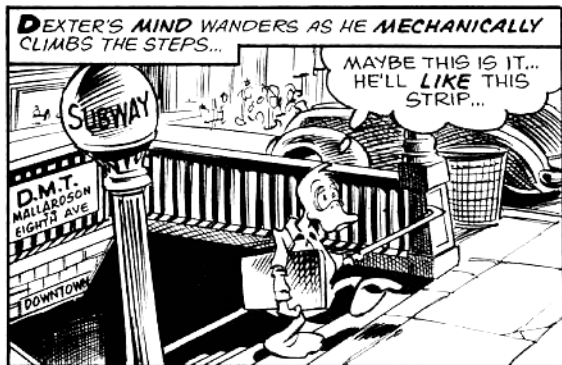
...EVEN NOW AS DAWN
AND IMPENDING DEADLINE
APPROACH, THIS ONE
IS LABORING TO
MAKE IT REAL!



FOR THIS
IS THE SAGA
OF THE...



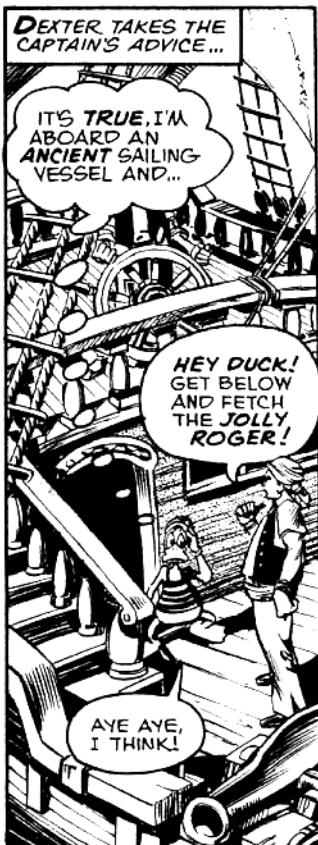
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK BRUNNER
EMBELLISHED BY STEVE LEIALOHA
LETTERED BY TOM ORZECOWSKI

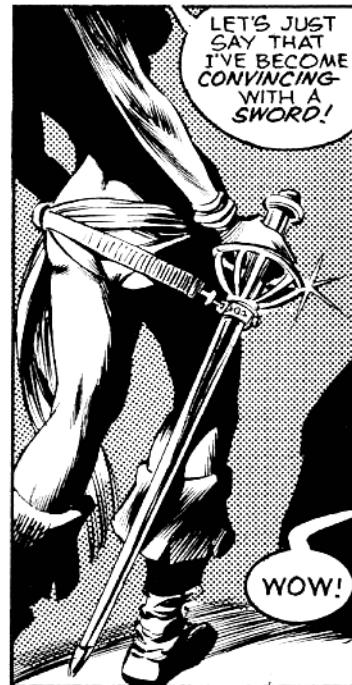




BACK... BACK DEXTER'S MIND DRIFTS IN TIME, BACK BEFORE DUCKS RULED THE WORLD... TO THAT HALF-MYTHICAL TIME WHEN HUMANS REIGNED SUPREME AND PIRATES RULED THE WAVES!









FIRE AT WILL, ME BUCKOS! LET'S SHOW THOSE BILGERATS HOW TO FIGHT!

STAND BY TO REPEL BOARDERS!



ZIS WILL DECIDE ONCE AND FOR ALL WHO IS ZE BETTER BUCCANEER!

DEATH TO CAPTAIN BLOODBATH!

AMIDST BELCHING CANNON SMOKE, GRAPPLING HOOKS FLY! AND WITH DIRKS IN HAND AND PISTOLS PRIMED, THE RIVAL CREWS BEGIN THE DEADLY CONTEST! FIGHTING IS BITTER WITH NO QUARTER ASKED AND NONE GIVEN!



A FILTHY DECK IS WASHED RED WITH SPILT BLOOD IN A VERITABLE MAELSTROM OF INSENSIBLE VIOLENCE THAT CAN ONLY END WITH ONE MASTER OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA LANES!

MEANWHILE, DEXTER IS LAYING LOW...



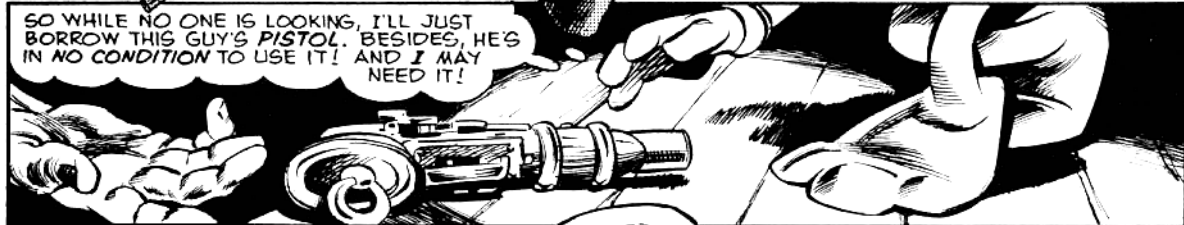
I DON'T KNOW WHO THESE GUYS ARE... BUT IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE THEY PLAY FOR KEEPS!



"I'D ASK KITTY WHO'S WINNING, BUT I GUESS SHE'S BUSY RIGHT NOW!"



MY GOD, THEY'RE
DROPPING LIKE
FLIES, AND KITTY'S
NOWHERE IN
SIGHT! I CAN'T
JUST STAND HERE...



BUT DEXTER'S
MOVEMENT HAS
NOT GONE
UNNOTICED!



ENGARDE!

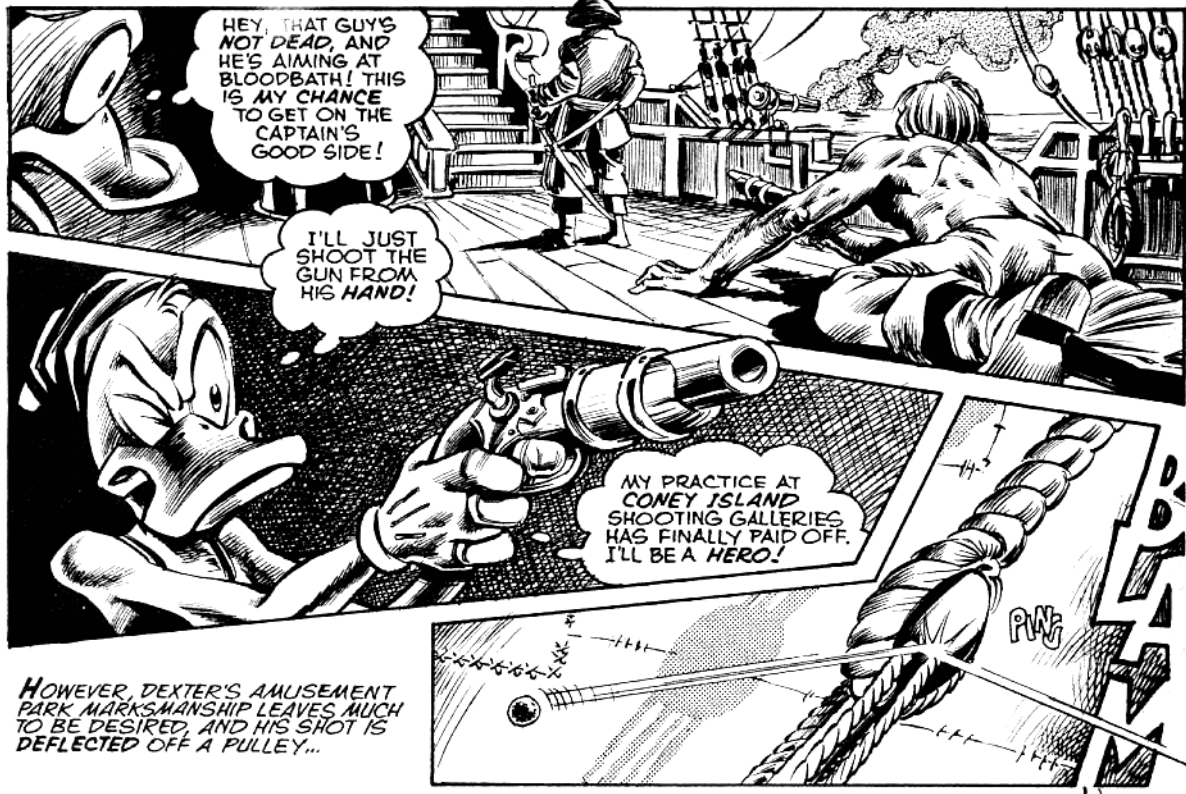
Tsk tsk,
YOU SEEM
TO HAVE
BACKED
INTO MY
SWORD!

YEAH,
SURE,
THANKS,
KITTY.

LISTEN, DUCKY,
WE'RE WINNING.
SO I GOTTA GET
BACK AND HELP
CLEAN UP. TRY
NOT TO GET
INTO ANY MORE
TROUBLE!

AND WHEN THE COMBAT
IS FINALLY OVER, IT IS
A VICTORIOUS BLOODBATH
WHO MAKES THE CUSTOM-
ARY OFFER TO THOSE
LEFT ALIVE...

CAPTAIN SLASH IS
DEAD! SERVE ME NOW
OR WALK THE PLANK!





CAPTAIN BLOODBATH!
I'M SURE IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT! BESIDES,
HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY
HAVE COME **THAT**
CLOSE IF HE WAS
AIMING AT YOU!



NO USE
TRYING TO
REASON WITH
HIM NOW... BUT
I'LL **TAG**
ALONG!

OUT OF
MY WAY, OR
YOU'LL BE
NEXT! THE
LITTLE COWARD'S
GONE **BELOW**
DECK!



SAY YOUR
PRAYERS,
CABIN
FOWL!



IN THE DARK,
DEXTER MANAGES
TO STUMBLE OVER
THE PLUG AGAIN...

OOPS



AHA!



I'M GONNA RUN YA
THROUGH LIKE A
SAUSAGE!

AWK!



DEXTER MOVED FASTER THAN
HE HAS EVER MOVED AND
CAPTAIN BLOODBATH'S SWORD
PENETRATES SOFT CORK!

BLAST, MY
SWORD IS
STUCK!



QUICK, DEXTER,
TAKE MY DIRT,
AND WHEN HE
TURNS AROUND,
LET HIM
HAVE IT!

YOU MEAN...
I SHOULD JUST
STAB HIM?

LOOSENED BY DEXTER'S
PREVIOUS TAMPERING,
THE SEA PLUG FLIES IN
BLOODBATH'S FACE!

THE INITIAL GUSH OF
WATER SENDS HIM
HURLING ACROSS THE
HOLD...

...AND
SMACK
ONTO
DEXTER'S
TREMBLING
BLADE!

I DIDN'T
MEAN
TO DO IT!

NONSENSE! YOU
DEFEATED HIM,
FAIR AND SQUARE!

BLOODBATH STAGGERS
A MOMENT IN TOTAL
DISBELIEF OF WHAT HAS
HAPPENED, THEN
COLLAPSES, DEAD.

KITTY AND
DEXTER MANAGE TO RE-PLUG
THE SHIP AND COME ON DECK,
WHERE THE CREW IS WELL INTO
THEIR VICTORY CELEBRATION...

HEY, MATES!
BLOODBATH IS
DEAD! MEET THE
NEW CAPTAIN...
DEXTER!

HIP HIP
HOORAY!

GEE, AM I
REALLY THE
CAPTAIN
NOW?

YOU'VE
GOT THE
CAPTAIN'S
HAT, IF
THAT MEANS
ANYTHING!

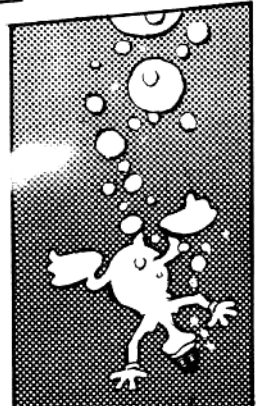
WHERE
ARE YOU
TAKING
ME?

TO THE CAPTAIN'S... er
YOUR CABIN, SIR! YOU MUST
BE TIRED, I KNOW I AM!

AND SO AMID DRUNKEN
REVELRY, A LONG AND
STRANGE DAY ENDS. DEXTER
AND HIS MATE RETIRE.



BY MORNING, THE CREW HAS DRIED OUT AND CAPTAIN DEXTER ADDRESSES THEM...

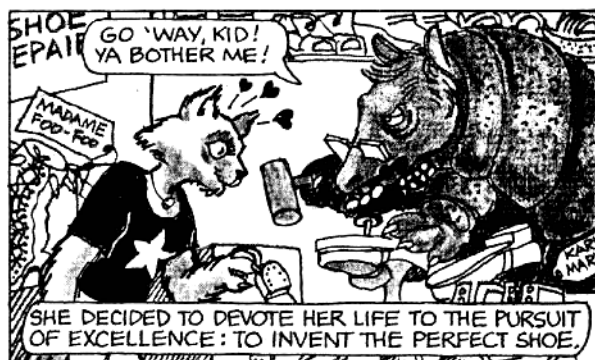
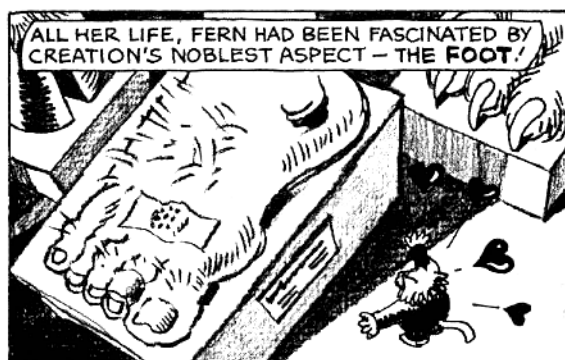
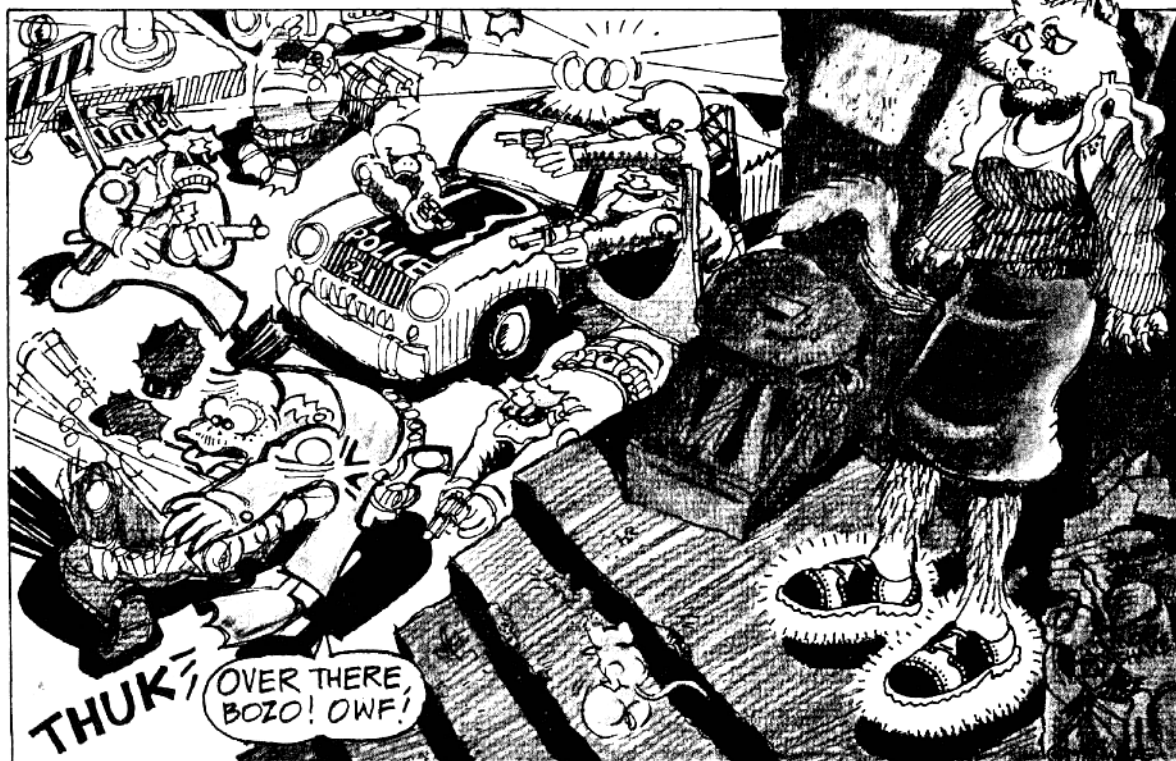


END

LOOK! DOWN IN THE STREET: IT'S A BROGUE! IT'S A SANDAL! NO! IT'S.....

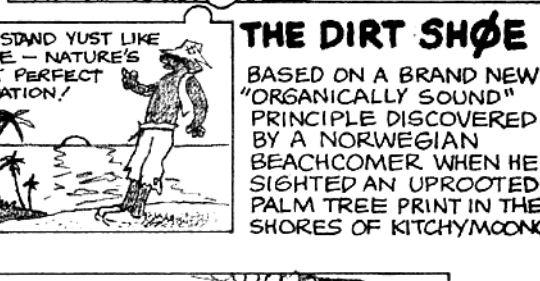
THE FLEET FOOT FOOGLE!

A TALE OF CREATIVITY AND CRIME BY LEE MARRS-

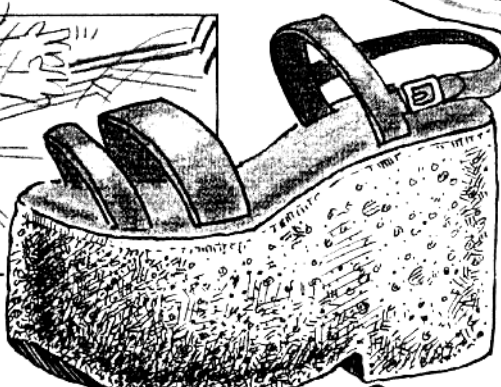
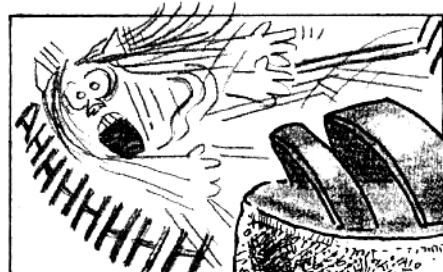




HOWEVER, IN THIS AUTOMATED, CONSUMER-WASTE SOCIETY, THERE WAS NO PLACE FOR "PERFECT".



ABIBAS THOSE FAB TENNIS SHOES INVENTED BY A FINE OLE GERMAN FIRM, REVERED FOR GENERATIONS, WHO INSTANTLY, UPON THE STYLE BECOMING POPULAR, SUBCONTRACTED TO 250 CHEAPO TAIWAN MILLS!



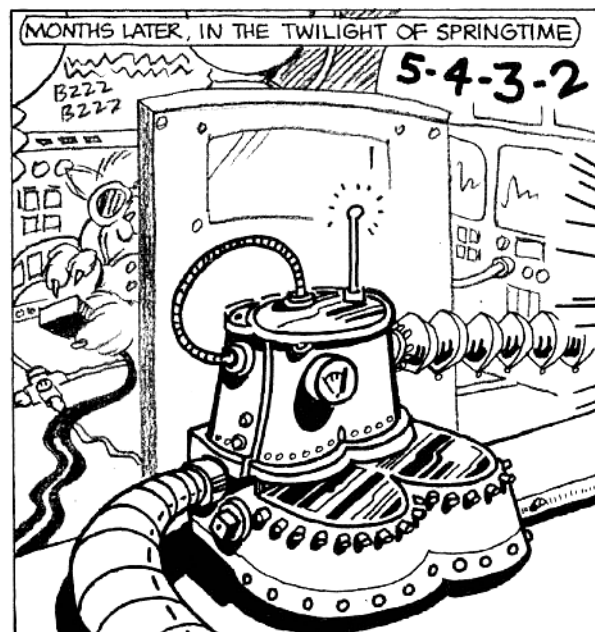
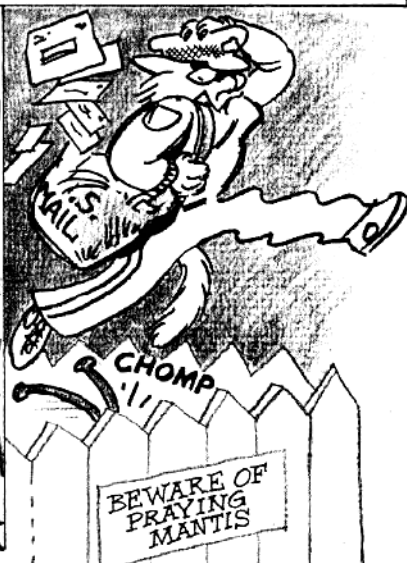
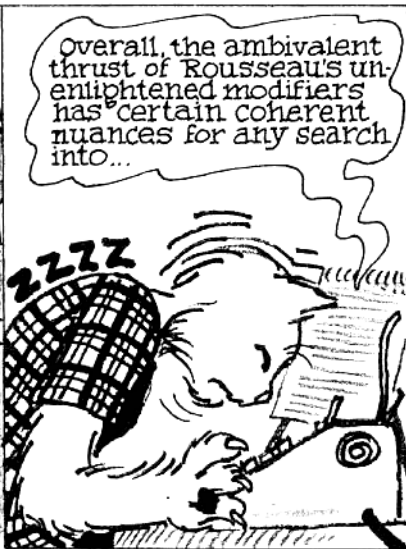
CARMEN MIRANDA XTRA

WAS SECRETLY FINANCED BY A BONE SPECIALISTS CONSORTIUM SLUSH FUND AFTER STATISTICS REVEALED THAT 85% OF CLOG WEARERS BROKE THEIR ANKLES IN THE FIRST WEEK OF WEAR.

DAMMIT! THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH THAT ABYSMAL, TRASHY JUNK ANYMORE! GENIUS WILL PREVAIL! ON MY OWN - BY MYSELF - I WILL PERSEVERE! I WILL CREATE THE **PERFECT SHOE!**



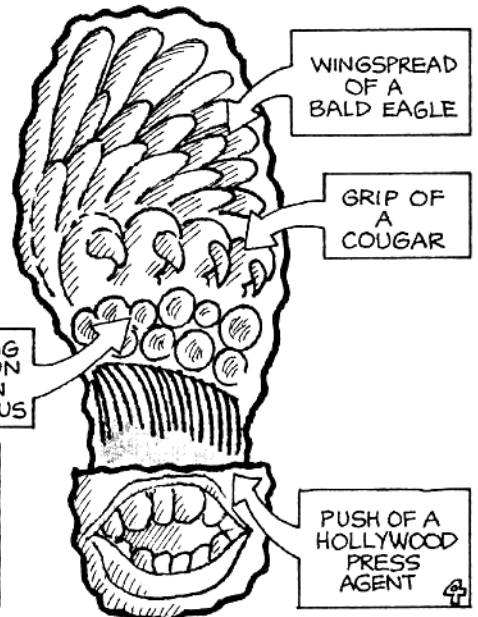
FERN'S DEDICATION KNEW NO BOUNDS. FOR 5 YEARS SHE SAVED 90% OF HER VARIED INCOME.



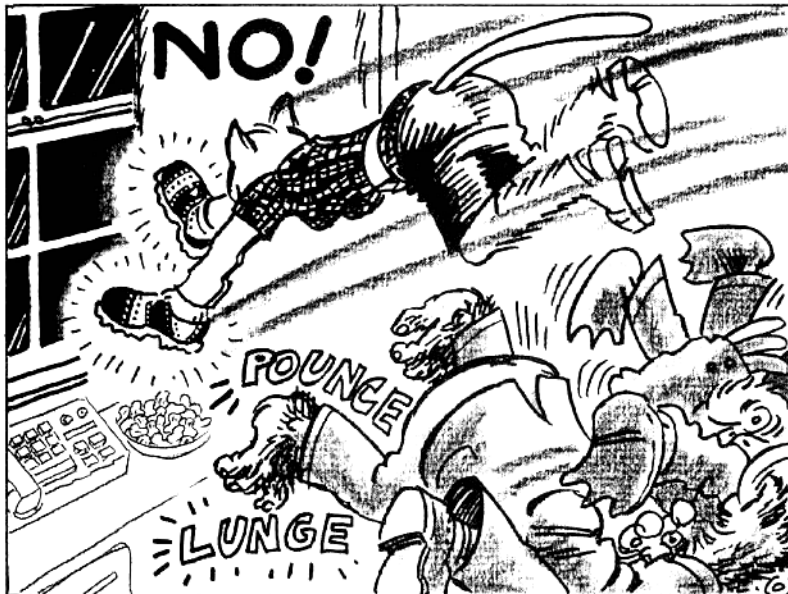


SPEEDING SHOES! THEY FIT ANY SIZE, AND GO FASTER THAN
A SPEEDING PUFF ADDER! THE TRANSPORTATION CRISIS IS NOW
OVER! NO MORE NEED FOR CARS! GASOLINE! ANYONE CAN ZOOM
ANYWHERE! PERFECTION! I'LL CALL THEM
THE FOOTSIE... NO! THE...

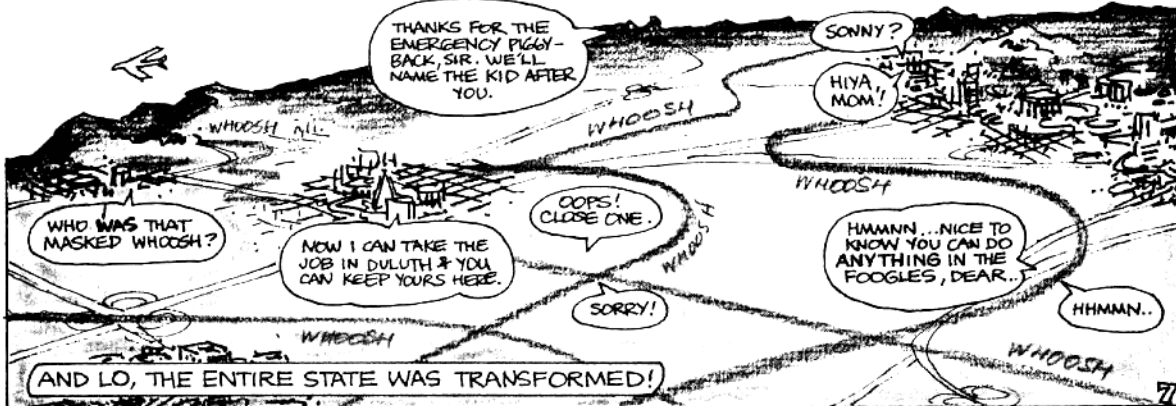
THE FLEET FOOT FOOGLE™



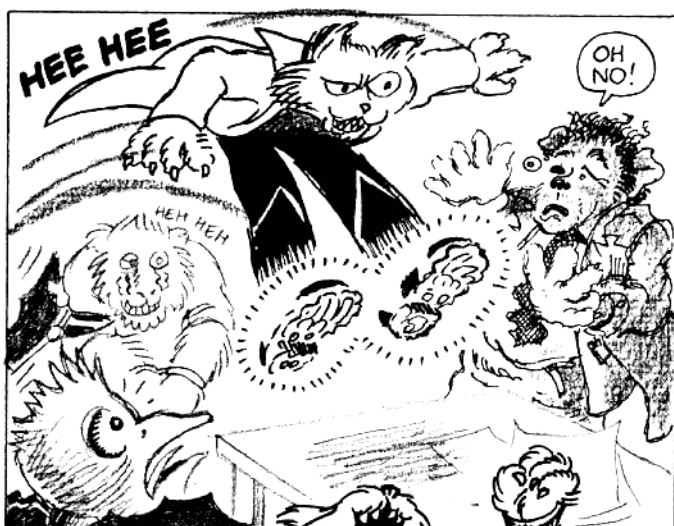




A CRIMINAL IS BORN! SOON, IN HUNDREDS OF SHOE STORES ACROSS THE COUNTRY...



AND LO, THE ENTIRE STATE WAS TRANSFORMED!



FOOT FOOLERY FOREVER



AND SO SHE ZOOMS TODAY, REBUILDING HER RESOURCES FOR ANOTHER TRY. THEY MAY HAVE HUSHED UP THE NEWS AND CONFISCATED THE SHOES. BUT ONE DAY... YOU'LL BE WAITING FOR A BUS, OR IN LINE AT THE CO-OP—YOU'LL FEEL A SUDDEN RUSH OF AIR

WHOOOSH! BEWARE FLEET FOOT FOOGLE!

END



The Wraith
© 1977
michael t. gilbert
26

On this fine december morn, we find our friends, the wraith & ivory, taking a short a.m. stroll...

IVORY... "COFF" I... "UH" ... WELL, IN CASE I... "EA" HAVEN'T... "UH" MENTIONED IT... I... WELL THANKS FOR GETTIN' ME OUTA THAT SLUMP I WAS IN. I MUST'VE BEEN PRETTY OBNOXIOUS.



ANYWAY-IT WAS NO BIG DEAL. YOU JUST NEEDED A KICK IN THE PANTS, WRAITH. 'SIDES, YOU GOT ME OUT OF THAT NUTTY OL' PROFESSOR'S LAB, REMEMBER?

SURE Y'DO. I WAS JUST AFRAID YOU WERE GONNA KICK ME BACK! "HEH!"



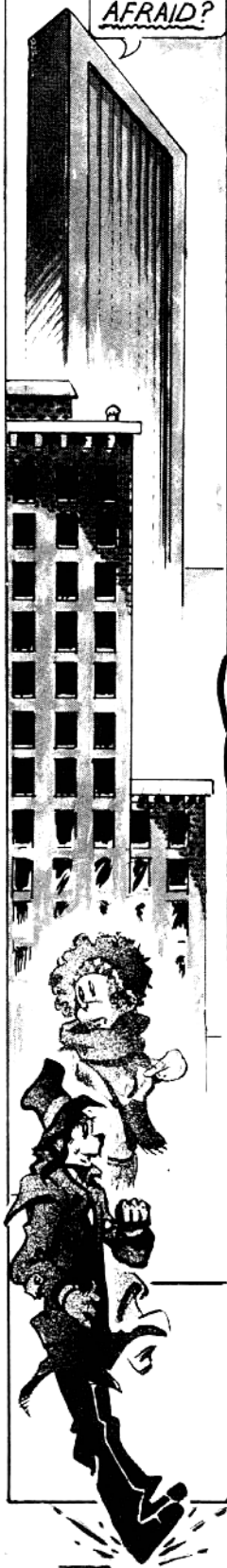
...AN' SPEAKIN' OF BEIN' AFRAID...
Y'KNOW, WRAITH, I'VE SEEN YOU FIGHT CROOKS, LOONIES, MONSTERS.



LOTS OF SCARY THINGS.
AND Y'KNOW... I WAS KINDA WONDERIN'...



...DO YOU EVER GET AFRAID?
ME? AFRAID?



HELL, NO!
I'M... **THE WRAITH!**



UM-HM. YEAH.



YAWN!

BUT SERIOUSLY.

WHADAYA MEAN...
"BUT SERIOUSLY?"
AM I TO UNDERSTAND
THAT YOU DOUBT
MY **TOTAL, ABSOLUTE**
FEARLESSNESS??

...WELL, I.....
...WELL...
WELL... ARE YOU?

"AM I?" LORD!
YOU KIDS TODAY!
GROW UP, TOOTS!
I'VE GOT **FEARS** AN'
WORRIES SAME AS
THE NEXT GUY-TH'
NEXT GUY BEIN' **WOODY**
ALLEN. SURE I GET
SCARED, SOMETIMES-
WHO DOESN'T?

YEAH??
WHAT ARE
Y' SCARED OF?
HUH?

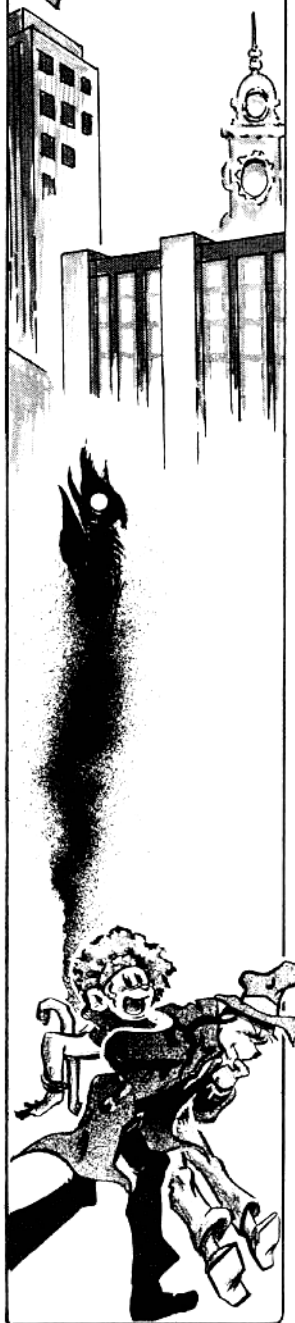
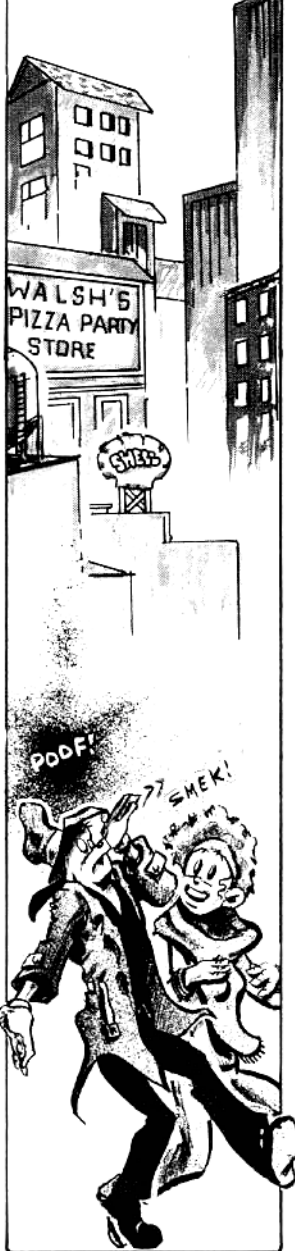
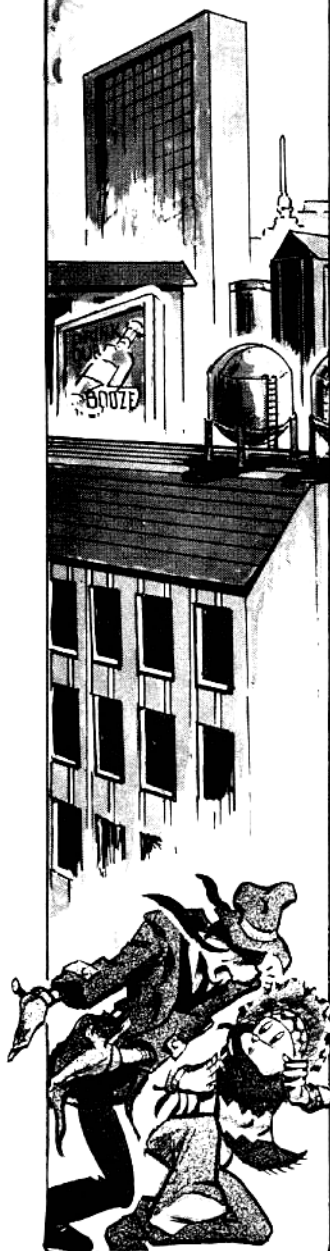
ON, I DUNNO -
LOTS OF THINGS.

MYSELF,
SOMETIMES...

AFRAID OF
Y'RSELF?!?
AW C'MON
WRAITH. WHO
Y' TRYIN' TA
KID, HUH? HUH?

NO - SERIOUSLY!
LOOK, GRANTED
THAT I'M AS **NORMAL**
AS THE NEXT
CRIME-FIGHTER
{ A RATHER CRAZY
PROFESSION TO BEGIN WITH }

AND FURTHER -
LET'S GRANT THAT
CRIME FIGHTERS
ARE A FAIRLY
HEALTHY LOT -
BRAIN-WISE!
{ ADMITTEDLY A RATHER
"IFFY" PROPOSITION. }



THAT IS, EVEN ASSUMING WE'RE DEALING WITH A RELATIVELY HEALTHY MIND THERE ARE **STILL** A WHOLE MESS OF HUMAN **HANGUPS** TO DEAL WITH.

THE **FEARS**, THE **HATES**. THE **INSECURITIES**. THE **DEMONS WITHIN**. ALL THOSE DARK SPOTS HIDDEN INSIDE THAT WE TRY TO BURY!
OHHH, YES!!!

I **FEAR** THOSE PARTS OF ME, **IVORY**

OOOH!

AW, C'MON, WRAITH. YOU COULDN'T DO ANYTHING **ROTTEN**, COULD YA, **WRAITH?**

AHHH, IVORY! AS A PREDECESSOR OF MINE ONCE SAID: "**WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN?**" UNDER THE RIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES, WHO IS TO SAY OF WHAT POTENTIAL **EVIL** ONE IS CAPABLE?

YES, **IVORY**, I DO **FEAR** THAT EVIL IN MYSELF!

FEAR, IVORY. UNCHECKED, THAT FEAR CAN GROW—**SPREADING—CRIPPLING!**

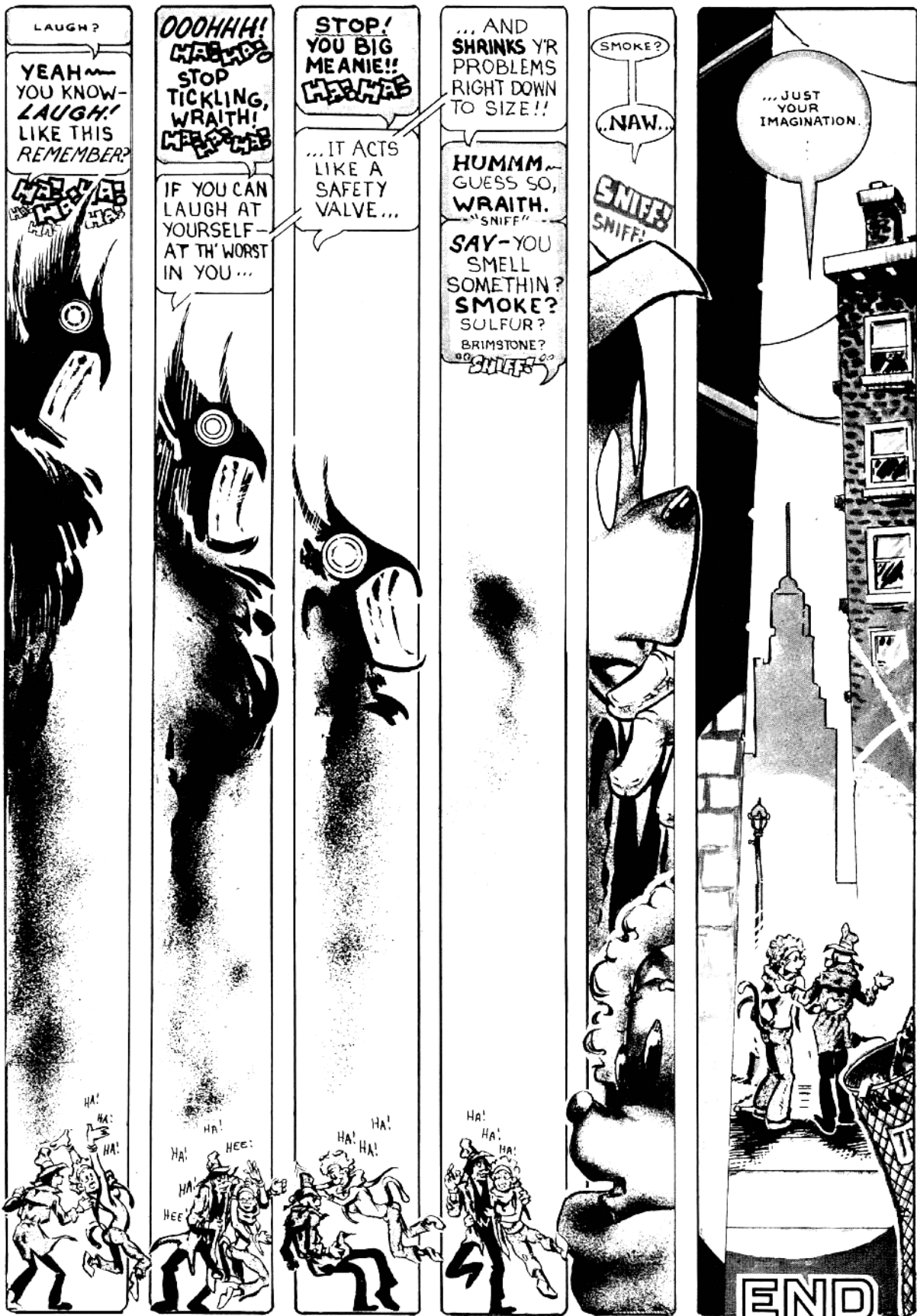
BUT YOU KNOW, **IVORY**, OVER THE YEARS I'VE DEVELOPED A VERY EFFECTIVE METHOD OF HANDLING **FEAR**

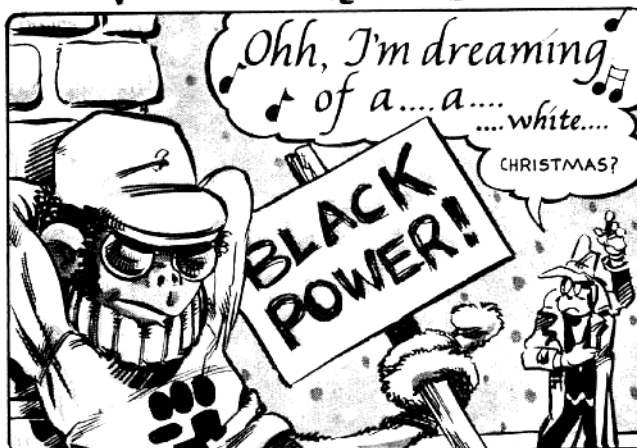
HUH? **YEAH?** WHADDAYA DO?

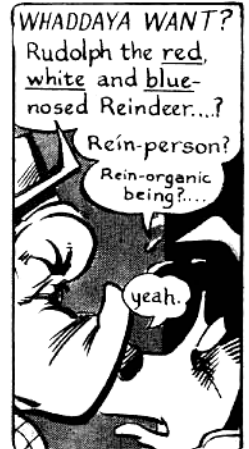
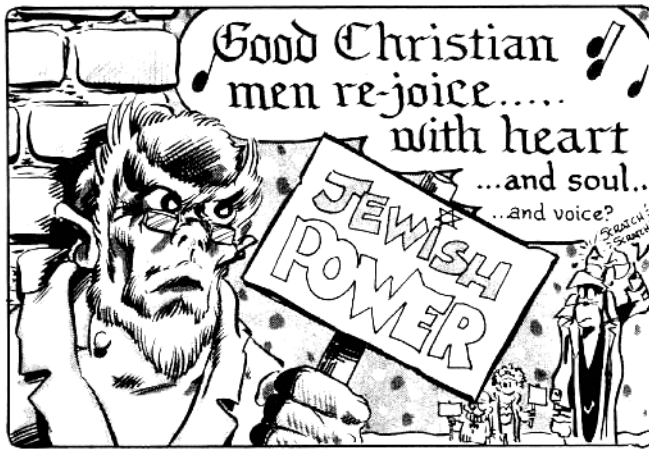


I **LAUGH!**

HUH?!







Okay, c'mon gang, let's hear it-All Together Now!

Merry Christmas to all...



Mike Friedman

TED RICHARDS

Ken Macklin

-Michael T. Gilbert-

STEVE LEIGH

LEE MARKS

AL GORDON

SCOTT SHAW

FRANK BRUNNER

Mary McAllister

..... and the whole "quack" gang wish you a joyous holiday season and a full, productive 1978.

IMAGINE IF YOU WERE GOING TO START A COMICS COMPANY
FROM SCRATCH... WHAT WOULD YOU DO?



PHOTO: TONY REMINGTON

Well, folks,
STAR*REACH
IS DOING ALL THIS **NOW!**

STAR*REACH No. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11 \$1.25 (ea.)
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